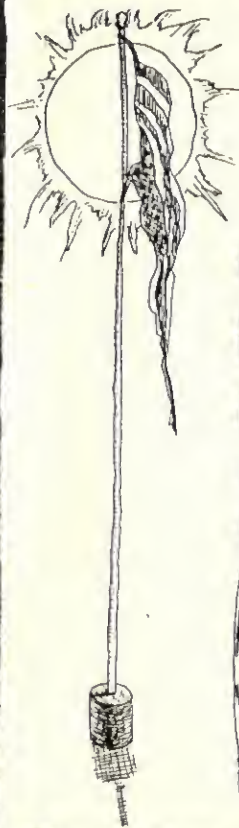


THE EGGPLANT PLACE
P O BOX 349
MADISON WI 53701



EGGPLANT
PLACE#4



introduction #4

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T SUCK, BUT HERE IT IS, A NEW CREATION TO BE FILED AWAY WITH THE REST. IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE #3 CAME OUT, EVEN THOUGH I'VE DONE MOST OF WHAT'S IN HERE IN THE PAST MONTH. THIS MAY BE THE LAST ISSUE OF EGGPLANT PLACE. BOO-HOO, RIGHT? THE COMIC "A DRY HEAVE WET DREAM" ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN A ZINE CALLED "PROJECT CLOCK" AN ANTHOLOGY OF FOUR CARTOONISTS.

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T SUCK. I MEAN IT! THERE ARE ALREADY ENOUGH SHITTY ZINES OUT THERE! DO WE REALLY NEED ANOTHER?

I AM ALIVE, UNCOMFORTABLE IN THE DARK, ON THE FLOOR CURLED UP LIKE SO MANY USED CONDOM WRAPPERS, MY DREAMS FLOAT BY IN ACHING STOMACHS & LONGING HEARTS. WHAT THE HELL IS CAGING ME IN, UNABLE TO FLY?

THESE LONG INGRAINED TRADITIONS & BELIEFS HANDED DOWN FROM ONE DEAD GENERATION TO THE NEXT MAKE ME FUCKING WRETCH LIKE A BULIMIC AT A SALAD BAR. WHATEVER WE DON'T KNOW WE MAKE UP.

CONTACT ME!

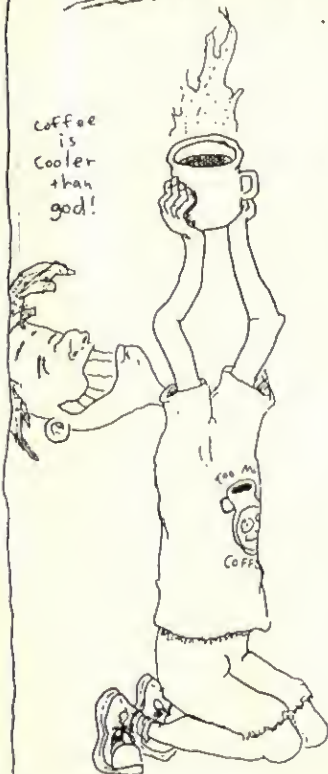
dug
P.O. Box 349
MADISON WI 53701



final thoughts...



coffee
is
cooler
than
god!



WELL, IT'S BASICALLY OVER. ALL THAT'S LEFT IS SOME LAST TOUCH-UPS & TYPO CORRECT WNS, THEN WE GO TO PRINT. NOW I REMEMBER HOW MUCH I HATE HANDWRITTEN ZINES, I HOPE YOU ALL FORGIVE ME & DON'T THINK THIS SUCKS TOO BAD! I REALLY WANTED TO PUT MORE INFORMATION IN HERE, BUT I NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT. OH WELL, MAYBE NEXT ISSUE, IF THERE IS A NEXT ONE. ONLY TIME WILL TELL. BY THE WAY, I HIGHLY RECOMMEND THAT EVERYONE WATCH ANIMANIACS EVERY DAY. IT RULES! I LOVE YOU ALL SO VERY MUCH, SO WRITE TO ME, FER GOODNESS SAKE! VEGANISM IS COOL.

WRITE TO ME AT:



dug
P.O. Box 349
MADISON WI 53701-0349



MOTHERFUCKER, IT'S TIME TO TALK ABOUT THE THERMODYNAMICS OF SOUND WHICH CRAWLS THROUGH IN A BALL OF GLUE. YET THE COLORS REMAIN SMEARED ACROSS THE WALL OF BLUE STAIN LIKE A HURRICANE OF PAIN WORN AS A MEDALION, SO PROUD, INDEED. THIS LITTLE GIRL BELIEVES SHE'S A PRINCE, BUT WHEN SHE GROWS UP SHE'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE OF STILETTO MACHINE SOUNDS MAKING ME HOT & STICK BLUE LIKE SECURITY LIGHTS KEEPING ME HIDING UNDER THE TABLE LIKE A DRUNKEN OLD FART STILL CLINGING TO THE WIND AS IF TRYING TO STAND KNOWING THE LITTLE PRINCE HAS TOO MUCH FAITH IN ME & UNDERSTANDS ALL TOO WELL WHAT THE SITUATION IS BY THANKFULLY BEING TOO SMALL & BLUE PRINCE. FIRE HOLDS THE WOODEN LAMPPOST ON WHICH I LEAN TOO MUCH AND THE TINGLY BUBBLES ON MY STOMACH BEING LICKED OFF BY THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED.

I sit & watch the steam rise from my cup o' java.



It's been six hours since I came in from the cold. Time to leave, I guess.



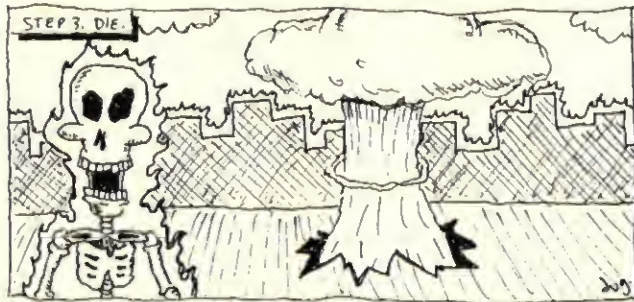
MEMORY LANE IS A SLUM...



LITTERED WITH DEAD BODIES OF PEOPLE I ONCE LOVED, EX-FRIENDS WHO HAVE TURNED THEIR BACKS, REJECTIONS & HURT I'VE ENDURED & CAUSED. SHARDS OF JADED BROKEN PROMISES CUT MY FEET LIKE SO MUCH GLASS AS I TRUDGE THROUGH THIS ALLEY ONE LAST TIME. ALL THE ASSHOLES I'VE BEEN IN 20 YEARS BEAT ME, KICK ME & INSULT ME. I CAN'T STAND WHAT I'VE BEEN. GARBAGE CANS OVERFLOW WITH MY EMPTY WORDS & THE BULLSHIT I SPEW ON A DAILY BASIS. HYENAS OF CONUNDRUM & DISPAIR RIP AT MY FLESH, AT THE END OF THIS ROAD IS A CLOCK COUNTING BACKWARDS ALL THE HOURS, DAYS & YEARS THAT I'VE WASTED. YES, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'M COMING DOWN THIS DARK STREET, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSONS FROM ALL THE SHIT HERE & IT'S TIME TO LET GO, MOVE ON & BE FREE FROM THE SHIT THAT I ALLOW TO HOLD ME BACK. I REJECT THIS LIFE I LIVED IN THE PAST.



dog's **HYSTICAL** GUIDE TO **NUCLEAR WAR**



AN EVENING WITH THE **POWER TEAM!**

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1994. I WAS IN AMARILLO, TEXAS WITH SHIMME & HEDI VISITING FRIENDS WHEN WE SAW A POSTER FOR THE POWER TEAM LIVE SHOW THAT WAS IN TOWN FOR THE WEEKEND. THE POSTER PROUDLY DISPLAYED SEVEN MUSCLEBOUND CHRISTIANS IN SLEEVELESS UNIFORMS POSING IN FULL FLEX; ONE GUY EVEN HAD A SWORD HELD IN A THEATENING MANNER! THEY WERE PERFORMING AT A CHURCH THAT SUNDAY, SO WE HAD TO GO. SHIMME & I WERE VERY EXCITED ABOUT THE EVENT; IT'S ALL WE TALKED ABOUT ALL WEEK! THE DAY FINALLY ARRIVED, WE WERE STOKED! WE LOADED ABOUT A DOZEN OF US INTO TWO CARS & WENT TO THE CHURCH. IT WAS PACKED! THE SHOW WAS FREE, SO EVERYONE CAME. THEY INTRODUCED THE FIVE POWER TEAM MEMBERS ONE BY ONE, THEY EACH RAN OUT & FLEXED & JUMPED AROUND. DURING THE COURSE OF THE SHOW, THEY BROKE BIG BLOCKS OF CONCRETE & ICE, RIPPED LISCENCE PLATES IN HALF, BLEW UP HOT WATER BOTTLES LIKE BALLOONS UNTIL THEY EXPLODED, BROKE FLAMING BLOCKS OF CONCRETE WITH THEIR HEADS & LIFTED HEAVY THINGS, ALL WITH THE POWER OF THE LORD! "GIMME A J, GIMME AN E GIMME AN S, GIMME A U, GIMME AN S! WHAT'S THAT SPELL? JESUS!" THEN THEY PROCEEDED TO GIVE INDIVIDUAL SERMONS & ASK FOR MONEY FOR 45 MINUTES. EVERYONE BUT ME WANTED TO LEAVE: I WAS LOVING IT! BUT WE LEFT & MISSED THE GRAND FINALE WHERE A GUY WAS TO LAY ON A BED OF NAILS & HAVE A HALF TON OF CONCRETE BROKEN RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE MISSED THAT!

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du's MYSTICAL NUCLEAR WAR

GUIDE TO



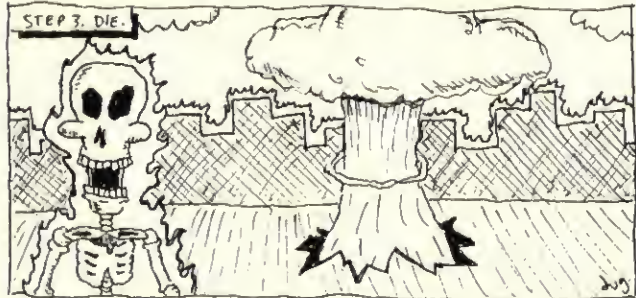
STEP 1. SCREAM.



STEP 2. RUN.



STEP 3. DIE.



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EVERYONE WILL LOVE YOU WITH

NEW HOLE IN THE HEAD

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, THERE IS A NEW PRODUCT SWEEPING THE NATION, & ITS NAME IS HOLE IN THE HEAD! USING NEW TECHNOLOGY, WE CAN SURGICALLY IMPLANT A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR TEMPLE! ALONG WITH THE OBVIOUS FASHION QUALITIES THIS PRODUCT OFFERS, IT'S MUCH BETTER FOR YOU THAN NOT HAVING ONE! YOU'LL FEEL REFRESHED AND REVIVATED MOMENTS AFTER SURGERY; LISTEN TO WHAT A TOP SCIENTIST HAS TO SAY:

"I RECOMMEND NEW HOLE IN THE HEAD FOR EVERYONE TRYING TO LOSE WEIGHT, QUIT SMOKING OR IMPROVE THEIR SOCIAL LIFE."

A TOP SCIENTIST

OKAY, OKAY, SO WE MAKE RIDICULOUS & EXAGGERATED (YET CAREFULLY WORDED) CLAIMS ABOUT NEW HOLE IN THE HEAD, BUT IT'S OKAY! THIS IS CAPITALISM; FREE TRADE, WHERE WE KNOW NOTHING IS FREE. BUT HELL, WE FIGURED THAT IF NESTLE CORP. CAN CONVINCE MOTHERS WORLDWIDE THAT ARTIFICIAL MILK IS BETTER THAN BREAST MILK FOR BABIES, WE CAN CONVINCE YOU OF ANYTHING, RIGHT? EVERY TOOTHBRUSH ON THE MARKET HAS A DIFFERENT SPECIAL FEATURE YET ALL DO THE SAME THING. PEOPLE PAY FOR NAME BRAND SHIT THAT THEY COULD EASILY GET A GENERIC COPY OF FOR HALF THE PRICE. WE PREY ON MORONS WHO COMPULSIVELY BUY ANYTHING WE PUT IN FRONT OF THEM & SAY IS GOOD. BE A GOOD LITTLE CONSUMER & BOY, WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO MAKE A BUCK!

THIEVES, THIEVES AND SHOPLIFTERS...

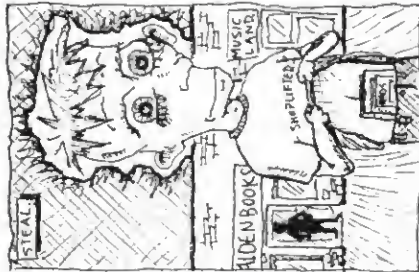
THIEVES ARE EVERYWHERE. LOOK AROUND YOU RIGHT NOW, & UNLESS YOU ARE IN AMISH COUNTRY, EVERYONE AROUND YOU IS A THIEF IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. EVEN YOU!

I'VE TALKED TO SOME OF THE MOST ADAMANT ANTI-STEALING MEMBERS OF THE POPULACE, & WITH A BIT OF PROBING, I'VE FOUND OUT THAT THEY'VE TAKEN THINGS FROM THE OFFICE, KNOWINGLY ACCEPT TOO MUCH CHANGE OR SAMPLED GRAPE OR CANDY AT THE GROCERY STORE.

"WELL THAT'S DIFFERENT!" THEY ALL SAY. BULLSHIT, STEALING IS STEALING, &

YOU'RE JUST RATIONALIZING YOUR OWN SELF-PERCEIVED FAULTS & CHARACTER DEFECTS. "WELL, I REGRET IT, I FEEL BAD ABOUT IT," GUILT IS YOUR GAME, JERKS, BUT FEELING GUILTY DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACTS. YOU ARE A THIEF.

I MAKE NO EXCUSES OR APOLOGIES FOR THE STEALING I DO. IT'S FUN, IT'S EASY, & IT HURTS THE CORPORATIONS I AIM MY ACCUSING & STICKY FINGERS AT. DON'T BE ASHAMED OF STEALING, BE PROUD! LIBERATE YOURSELF FROM ANTIQUATED BELIEFS THAT CORPORATIONS ARE ANY GOOD AT ALL. EVERYONE IN THIS COUNTRY SEEMS TO HAVE A PROPERTY FETISH. MATERIAL POSSESSION & THEIR SYSTEMATIC ACQUISITION IS THE RELIGION OF THE LAW AROUND HERE. BE PROUD OF YOUR STUFF, YOU EARNED IT, YOU DESERVE IT. AFTER ALL, WE'RE ALL AMERICANS, RIGHT? WE WERE BORN IN THE COUNTRY THAT PROMOTES GLUTTONY AS FASHION, BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS SO FUCKING EASY HERE, HIDE YOUR EYES & TELL YOURSELF LIES. ...



LESSON NUMBER FOUR: TIME TRAVEL.

THE SPEED OF LIGHT ENABLES US ALL TO EXPERIENCE THE MODERN WONDER OF TIME TRAVEL. THERE IS A NEW WAY, IN A NEW GROUP, OUR GROUP, THE ORDER OF REFLECTION. WE ARE THE FUTURE, THE PERFECT BLEND OF SCIENCE & PAGANISM. WE CAN ELIMINATE THE NEED TO BE LOCATED IN THE PHYSICAL PLANE. YOU CAN BE FREED FROM YOUR BODY! TRANSFORMED INTO PURE ENERGY YOU CAN RIDE THE ORGANIC LIGHT THAT GROWS FROM OUR STARSHIP. TIME TRAVEL IS THEN POSSIBLE. WE HOLD THE SECRET! DON'T BE FOOLED BY IMITATIONS, JOIN THE ORDER OF REFLECTION. DIE FOR FREEDOM! DON'T LET TIME RUN YOU DOWN, USE TIME TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. THE ORDER OF REFLECTION WANTS YOU! LIGHT HOLDS THE KEY! REFLECT THE FUTURE! BECOME FREE OF TIME AND BODY.

REMEMBER: JESUS CHRIST MAY HAVE BEEN A NICE GUY, BUT HE CAN'T HELP YOU TRAVEL THROUGH TIME.



5-26-94.

TODAY WAS MY FIRST DAY AT MY NEW JOB WITH CAT'S MEOW. WORK IS GREAT! THE STORE SELLS PUNK/METAL/ALTERNATIVE SHIRTS, VINYL RECORDS, PIERCING EQUIPMENT, BODYSUE GEAR, HAIR DYE & RECORDS. SO ALL THE COOL PEOPLE SHOW THERE! I WAITED FOR SHIRTLEIFERS & SAW THE CASH REGISTER. EMPLOYEES GET HALF PRICE COFFEE AT THE CAFE NEXT DOOR TO THE STORE. I GET TO FLIRT WITH ALL THE CUTE PEOPLE WHO COME IN & SHOP. THE FIRST DAY WAS A BREEZE, I KNEW THE JAZZ FROM HELPING OUT A COUPLE TIMES BEFORE, SO TRAINING TOOK NO TIME AT ALL. WORK ENDED AT 5:00 & I ATE A BAG-OF-NACHOS AS MY FIRST MEAL OF THE DAY. TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS, CHRIS & ADAM, WERE WAITING AT MY HOUSE WHEN I GOT THERE. WE WATCHED "CHARLIE IN CHARLIE" & "GIVING PAUPS" BEFORE GOING TO STEAL C.D.'S & THEN TO THE SHOP, WHICH IS AT A NEARBY HAIRING CO-OP, J-CHURCH, TENGU MOUTH, BORDA POUND & STABLE UNGRAVED. WH... I SOLD \$2700 WORTH OF RECORDS & A BUNCH OF RECORDS TO TOMMYKAW FOR \$500. THE BEST THING ABOUT THE SHOW WAS A LIGHT BULB THAT WAS ONLY HALF SCREWED IN, SO IT CONSTANTLY FLICKERED OFF AND ON. NOTHING ELSE WAS TOO MEMORABLE. I GOT A GREAT STYLING COAT FROM WORK TODAY. THIS JOB IS THE FIRST JOB I'VE ACTUALLY LIKED! I CAN WEAR WHAT I WANT, PLAY ABRASSIVE MUSIC LOUDLY & IT'S COOL. IS THIS PAGE POINTLESS?

EGG PLANT PLACE *4 READERS SURVEY.
IN YOUR OPINION, IS THIS PAGE POINTLESS?

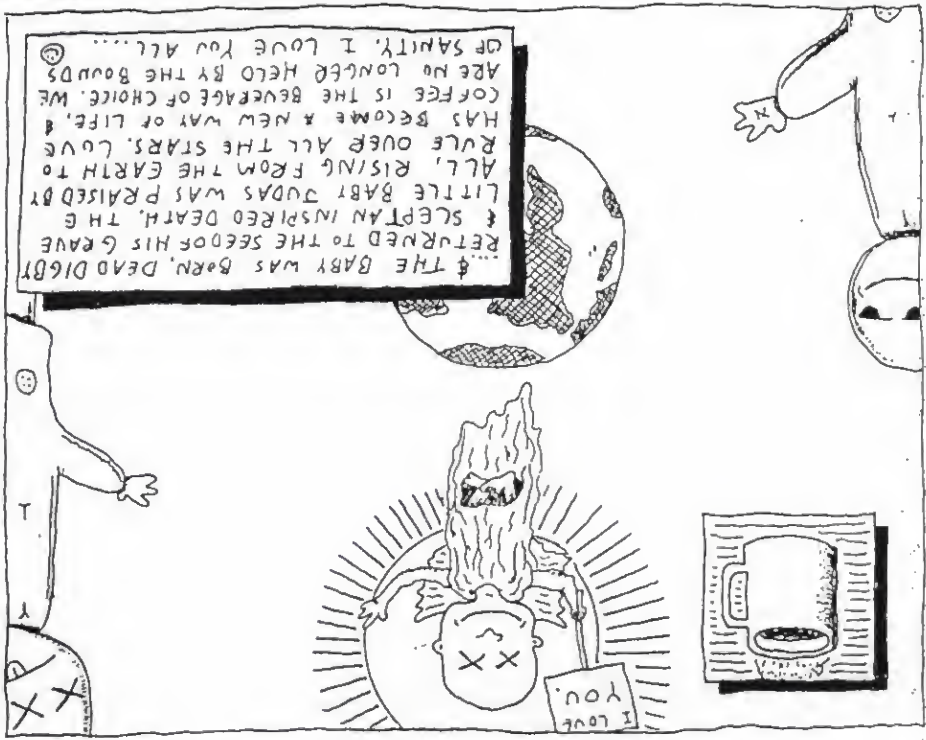
☐ YES.

(CHECK ONE)

☐ NO.

10 boy summer, 5 boy winter four '93-'94

THIS PAST WINTER I WAS A ROADIE FOR MY FRIENDS' BAND, TEN BOY SUMMER (NOW DEFUNCT.) THE FIVE OF US PILED IN THE VAN AT 12:20 A.M. ON DECEMBER THE 27TH. THE CAST OF CHARACTERS GOES LIKE THIS: DAVEY-GUITAR, DUG-ROADIE, JEROD-DRUMS, PETE-BASS & SHIMME-SCREAMER. SHIMME & I HAD A TOUR-LONG CONTEST TO SEE WHO COULD MASTURBATE MORE OFTEN. I TOOK THE LEAD AT 2:10 A.M. IN THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM IN SOME LONELY GAS STATION. WE GOT TO KANSAS CITY, MO PRETTY EARLY IN THE MORNING, SO WE WENT TO A RESTAURANT WHERE SHIMME TIED ME ONE TO ONE, BUT I FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY, RETAKING THE LEAD 2-1. THE SHOW WAS AT A GUY NAMED JEREMY'S HOUSE & TEN BOY SUMMER WAS WITNESSED BY 5 PEOPLE & 2 CATS. AFTER THEY FINISHED, THE OTHER BAND SHOWED UP WITH ABOUT 30 PEOPLE, SO WE WENT OUT FOR COFFEE. THE NEXT DAY, ON THE WAY TO FT. SMITH, AR, WE TRAVELLED SOME ROADS THAT THE SIGNS WARNED US WERE "VERY STEEP & CURVEY." NO SHIT! WE WERE SURE WE WERE GOING TO DIE. A SCREAMING FLAMING DEATH, THEN THE ROAD PEOPLE WOULD PUT UP ANOTHER "FIVE FATALITIES HERE" SIGN IN OUR HONOR. IN FT. SMITH THE SHOW WAS AT A HOUSE & IT WAS REALLY COOL. I MASTURBATED IN THE BATHROOM & EVERYONE KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING. WE WENT OUT FOR COFFEE & THE CHEF AT THE DINER YELLED "YES, I SNAPPED MY FINGERS, I WHISTLED." FOR NO REASON. IT WAS SCARY.



WE WERE IN PETE'S VAN & HE CLAIMED SOME SORT OF "INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY" LAW THAT FORBODE US FROM DRIVING OFF IN THE VAN ON THE DRIVE TO TEMPE, AZ. I PULLED P.D. WHILE DRIVING! WE GOT TO TEMPE ABOUT 101 HOURS EARLY, SO WE EXPLORED THE TOWN. THERE WAS NOTHING, BUT PAW SHOPS BY THE MILLIONS, A BOOT REPAIR PLACE, & A RESTAURANT, "THE BELL JAR". THE SHOW WAS NEAT, SOMEBODY STOLE MY SEVEN C.D.s. Fuck. WE PICKED UP A FEW SOUTHERN ACCENTS & PETE & I WERE FUNNY GUYS UNTIL EARLY IN THE MORNING WHILE DRIVING TO LITTLE ROCK, AK. THIS WAS WHERE WE HIT THE JACK-POT! THE SHOW WE GOT TO STAY AT WAS RICH & PLUSH, COMPLETE WITH SLEEPER & FOOD. IT WAS A PARENTS HOME & THEY WERE OVERLY FRIENDLY, PREPARING US BEDS & COUCHES & LETTING US SLEEP IN A ROOM WITH CABLE T.V. & MAKING US COFFEE. OH YEAH, THERE WAS A SHOW, TOO. IT WAS GOOD & A GIRL STUCK HER HAND IN HER PANTS; THEY SHE SMELLED HER FINGERS. THAT, I REALLY LIKED! WILLIAM MARTIN, IT PLAYED & THEY RULE! WE FINALLY GOT A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP & WENT TO INDIANAPOLIS THE NEXT DAY. WE GOT TO SEE OLD PAUL TONY, KYLE & CREW & THE SHOW WAS AT THE CITICOM, IT WAS NEW YEARS EVE. IT WAS ~~xxx~~ BIRTHRIGHT'S ~~xxx~~ FIRST SHOW & THEY WORE BACK PAKES & ROLLED DICE AS THEY PLAYED. HA HA! I MET A GIRL NAMED JULIE & WE WATCHED "THE UNBELIEVABLE TEEN" & PLAYED SCABBLE TO CELEBRATE OUR ANTI-NEW YEARS EVE FUN! THE NEXT DAY WE HUNG OUT IN CHICAGO, WHERE THE VAN WAS BROKEN INTO & THE BAND FUND WAS STOLEN. I MASTURBATED FOUR TIMES BEFORE THE SHOW. AFTER THE SHOW WE WENT HOME. FINAL SCORE: ME 12-SHIMME.

END

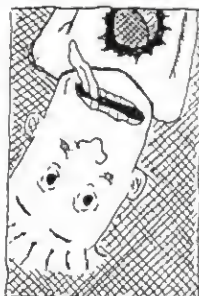
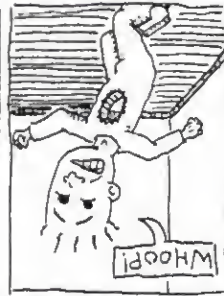


I LOVE IT STUFF

1. TOO MUCH COFFEE MAN COMIC BOOK #1 & 2 \$3.00 ppd.
OUT OF GLORIOUS AUSTIN TEXAS COMES THE OVERNIGHT,
UNDERGROUND SMASH, T.M.C.M.'S! WATCH THE HILARIOUS
ADVENTURES OF TOO MUCH COFFEE MAN! SEE HIM: TRY TO MAKE
UP, DO BATTLE WITH COPYRIGHT MAN & CLICHE. SEE THE
AUTHOR DEAL WITH WRITER'S BLOCK! YOU CAN NOT BE HIP
WITHOUT YOUR OWN COPY! ORDER FROM: ADHESQUE COMICS,
P.O. BOX 5372 AUSTIN TX 78763-5372. DO IT NOW!
2. NO LONGER A FANZINE HL \$2.00 ppd. MY PAL JOSEPH
GERWASI DOES THIS FINE PIECE OF WORK OUT OF BEAUTIFUL
BLACKWOOD, N.J. THIS ISSUE HAS INTERVIEWS WITH
AUTHORS ABRAHAM RODRIGUEZ & WILLIAM BRYAN KEYS. A
FEW SERIOUS & FUNNY ARTICLES ON RELIGION & RETARDS.
AND A RAP LONG YOUR DIARY OF OUR TRIP LAST SUMMER
INCLUDING ANAKED PHOTO OF ME! ORDER FROM:
342 FLEAFORD AVE. BLACKWOOD N.J. 08002 - 64 PAGES! HUGE!
3. THIS MODERN WORLD TOM TOMORROW. LAUGH OUT
LOUD HILARIOUS CARTOONS IN A SOF STYLE OF
ART. BEWARE: THESE CARTOON ARE TOO HONEST.
THEY TELL IT THE WAY IT IS, YOU WILL PROBABLY
SEE YOURSELF IN THESE CONDEMNING CARTOONS.
BOOK PUT OUT BY ST. MARTIN'S PRESS. 175 5TH AVE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010. I WISH I WAS THIS GOOD!
4. SOUND OFF #4 \$1.00 or \$2.00 ppd. POLITICAL ZINE OUT
OF MILWAUKEE. ARTICLES ON NAFTA, LEONARD PELTIER,
INDIAN STRUGGLES & A PIECE ON SCIENCE & RELIGION.
% DAN GATEWOOD 3432 S. 45TH ST MILWAUKEE WI 53219

AUGUST 21st 1993 MY BIRTHDAY! THIS WAS DURING THE TRIP I WENT ON LAST SUMMER WITH JOE, JANELLE & LONE WOLF. WE WOKED UP AT NOON IN RAPID CITY SD; DAN'S HOUSE. SO BEGAN MY SEARCH FOR A DENNY'S AND THE FREE BIRTHDAY MEAL THAT WOULD BE AWAITING ME THERE! WE HAD A BITE OF BREAKFAST & SPLIT. OUR FIRST STOP WAS IN BUFFALO WY, WHERE WE SAW 'DA PUNKS' CLAD IN BLACK FLAG & FIREHOSE SHIRTS. NO DENNY'S. WE STOPPED IN SHERETON, WY & STOLE A BUNCH OF WALKMANS FROM K-MART. BUT NO DENNY'S. WE STOPPED IN BILLINGS, MONTANA & STOLE SHIT FROM K-MART & TOYS R US. STILL NO DENNY'S, SO WE ATE AT PERKINS. DURING THE NIGHT WE DROVE THROUGH DEADLY MOUNTAINS & IT WAS RAINING SO HARD THAT I COULDN'T SEE THE ROAD. IN BUTTE, MONTANA THERE WAS STILL NO DENNY'S & IT WAS 2:00 A.M. SO MY BIRTHDAY WAS OVER, SO WE AGAIN WENT TO PERKINS, JUST LONEWOLF & I. WE WERE THE ONLY SOBER FOLKS IN THE RESTAURANT. OUR WAITRESS WAS NAMED GATLE. THE ONLY VESTIGE OF REASON AND PURITY IN ALL OF BUTTE. THE DRUNKS THERE HECKLED ME ON THE WAY TO THE BATHROOM. DRUNKS ARE LOUD & STUPID. ONE OF THEM YELLED "I TOOK A SHIT IN GAYLE'S CAR!" GAYLE DIDN'T CHARGE US FOR COFFEE. WE DROVE UNTIL 5:00 A.M. & PARKED IN AN EMPTY LOT. WE WERE OUTSIDE & WENT TO A CONOCO STATION WHERE ALICE COOPER WORKED. I SWEAR TO GOD! IT WAS HIM!

there are ways to describe how we felt last night; but all the words are GREEK. 208



Sunday, January 4, 1996.

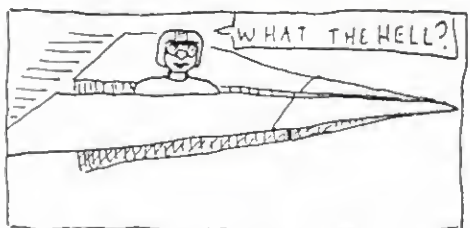
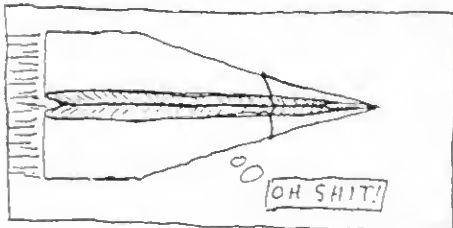
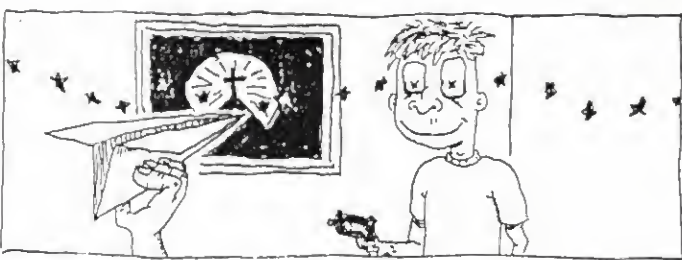
THE ELEVATOR BELL CHIMED & THE DOORS OPENED. I RUSHED INSIDE BECAUSE I NEEDED TO GET UP. STAIRS IN ORDER TO LEAN OUT THE WINDOW & SPIT ON PEOPLE. I WAS DESPERATE. THE BUTTONS WERE COVERED BY A 'WET PAINT, DO NOT TOUCH' SIGN, SO I WAITED. WAITED. WAITED. AFTER FIFTY MINUTES I GREW WEARY & REMOVED THE WALKMAN FROM MY BRIEFCASE & PLACED THE HEADPHONES OVER MY EARS. AFTER ANOTHER TWENTY MINUTES, IT WAS STILL TOO QUIET, SO I TURNED THE WALKMAN ON. THE RADIOS WERE TUNED TO MY FAVORITE STATION. IT DISGUSTED ME. HATED FILLED MY BONES & PERMEATED THE AIR AROUND ME. THE

ALCOHOL STAINED BREATH OF THE ANNOUNCER TOLD ME I'D BEEN MOKING TONES WHAT TO BUY. IT'S ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP SAFE FOUR DAYS LATER A MAINTENANCE GUY DRESSED IN WHITE GLOVES

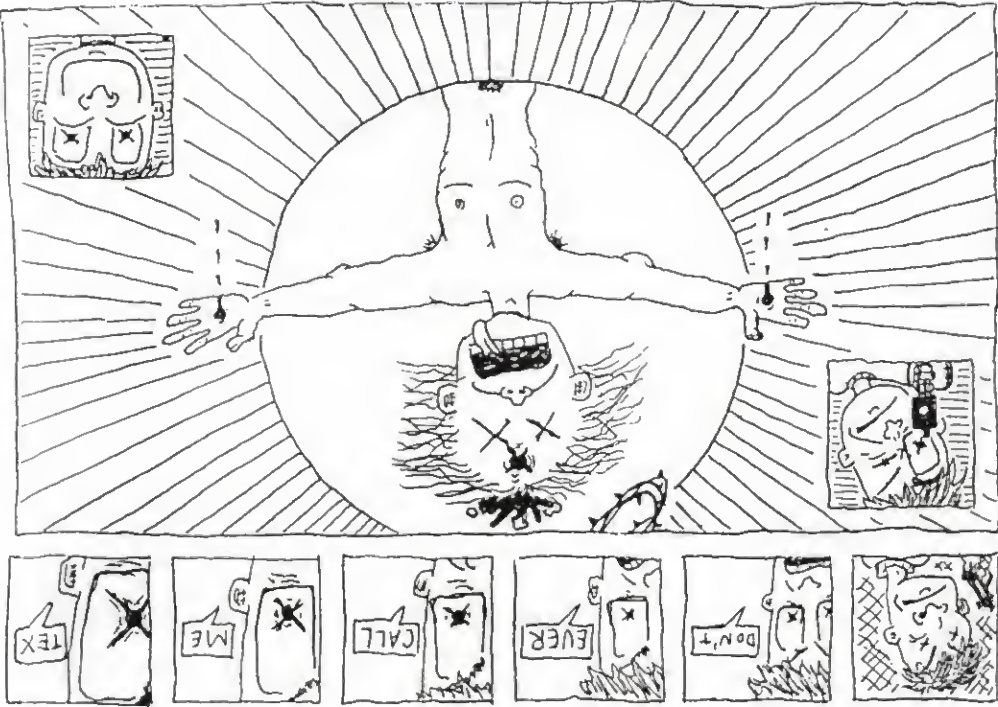
CAME TO REMOVE THE 'WET PAINT' SIGN, BUT BY THAT TIME I HAD STARTED TO RISE TO THE EXPECTATIONS OF THE OCCASION, LISTENING TO THE RADIO. SOMETIMES PEOPLE DROWN IN WAVES THAT AREN'T EVEN MADE OF WATER.



WET PAINT!
DO NOT TOUCH!

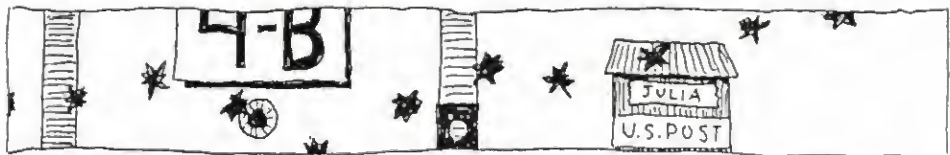
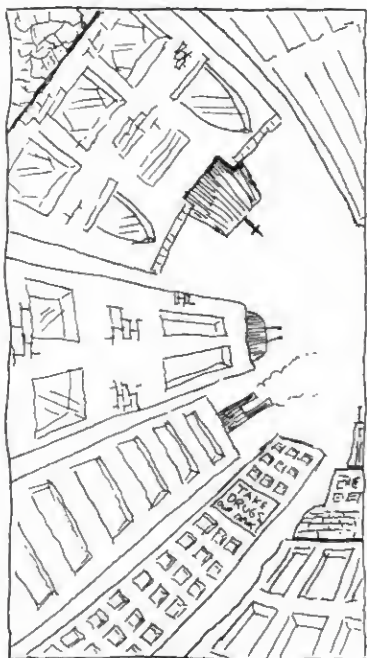


IN AUGUST OF 1993, I WENT ON A ROAD TRIP TO CALIFORNIA WITH MY FRIENDS JOE, JANELLE & LOWEWOOLF. WHILE IN BERKELEY, MY CAR BROKE DOWN ACROSS THE STREET FROM GILMAN PROTECT AND WOULDN'T GO ANYWHERE. SO A VERY HELPFUL PERSON WHO WE WILL CALL DON (FOR PRIVACIES SAKES) OFFERED TO HELP FIX MY CAR. WELL, WE TRIED TO GET TOGETHER FOR A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE ACTUALLY HOOKED UP. HE CAME BY AND HE LOOKED UPSET & WORRIED. AS HE STARTED TAKING OUT MY CARBURATOR (OR SOME SUCH CAR THING) I ASKED HIM WHAT WAS WRONG. HE TOLD ME THAT HIS ROOM-ATE WAS KILLED BY A HIT & RUN ACCIDENT THE NIGHT BEFORE & HE WASN'T SO SURE THAT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MURDER BECAUSE THE GUY WAS A POOL HUSTLER; AND OTHER STUFF HE DID MIGHT GET HIM RUN DOWN ALSO. 'DON' THOUGHT THE FOLKS WHO KILLED HIS ROOMMATE MIGHT COME AFTER HIM NEXT. OH SHIT. WELL, 'DON' NEEDED SOME MORE TOOLS, SO WE WENT BACK TO HIS HOUSE IN OAKLAND, WHERE YOU COULD HEAR FULLY AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE NIGHTLY AS WE ENTER HIS HOME, I NOTICE THAT THE FRONT DOOR AND Foyer ARE ALL CHARGED & BURNED. TURNS OUT 'DON' HAD BEEN PLAYING WITH MATCHES & NEARLY BURNED THE WHOLE HOUSE DOWN. LUCKY, IT ONLY DESTROYED THAT ONE ROOM. I SAT ALONE IN THE FILTHY "LIVING ROOM" CHARGED & BURNED CHAIR AMIDST A SEA OF STUNNY TRASH, UNEATEN FOOD & CLOTHES OF THE FLOOR WHILE 'DON' GOT HIS TOOLS. THREE GIRLS CAME OVER TO CLEANOUT THE DEAD GUY'S ROOM. WHILE THEY WERE THERE, THEY FOUND A MACHINE GUN & DON SAID TO THEM "IF YOU FIND A BLACK CLIP FOR THAT, GIVE IT TO ME BECAUSE HE BORROWED IT FROM ME A WHILE BACK." EVENTUALLY THE GIRLS LEFT WITH ALL THE STUFF & WE LEFT. I ENDED UP GETTING MY CAR FIXED AT A GARAGE & IT COST ME \$600.00. END.



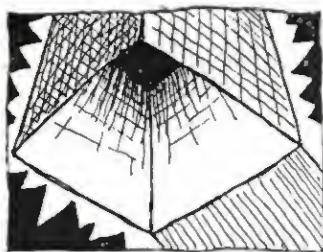
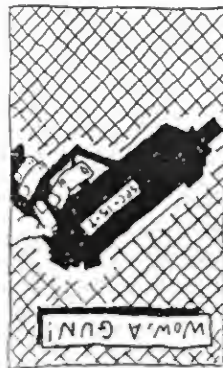
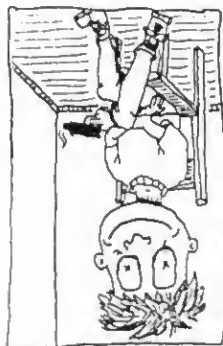
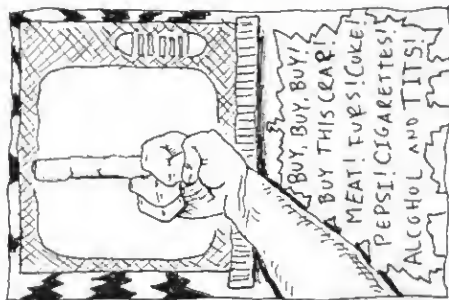
THE MUSIC IS TURNED ON EXREMELY LOUD. THE CURTAINS ARE DRAWN. I AM ALONE & CAN FORGET ABOUT THE FACT THAT OTHER HUMANS EXIST. LEFT WITH NO ONE AROUND FOR COMPANIONSHIP, I SIT AND D. THIS. WRITE. WHY? GOOD QUESTION. SOMETIMES I JUST FEEL THE URGE TO CREATE, TO DO SOMETHING, ANYTHING BESIDES WATCHING T.V. OR RUNNING THE HAMSTER WHEEL. SO HERE I AM. A LONE BUT NOT LONELY, OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I TELL MYSELF. MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH HUMANS WAS A DISASTER. I FELT AS IF I SHOULD RIP OPEN MY HEAD AND HEART & TELEVISION TO SHOW THEM THE DISGUST & PAIN THAT I KNOW. 'FUCK YOU' I SAY TO THEM, UNDER MY BREATH. AS BRAVE AS I AM CLEVER. THIS WRITING WILL BE A PAIN TO READ! WELL IT'S NO FUCKING JOY TO WRITE. EITHER I'VE GOT A T.U. IN THE NEXT ROOM & IT'S JUST CALLING ME TO GO WATCH IT! FEELING I MUST RESIST THAT SO I MAY PERSIST WITH THIS, IT IS A STRUGGLE. THIS JUST SEEMS LIKE A WASTE OF TIME, WHO'S GOING TO READ IT? & OF THOSE WHO READ IT, HOW MANY WILL ENJOY IT? TIME TO FILL THE REST OF THE PAGE WITH A DRAWING.

CITY CLOSING IN ON US.



HMM..A BEER COMERCIAL A-BOUT DATING, TACO COMERCIAL, EAT TURKEY OVER CHICKEN COMERCIAL, BULLSHIT MAINSTREAM ROCK RADIO STATION, COMERCIAL, STUPID CORPORATE COKE COMERCIAL, TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLAR CAR COMERCIAL. NONE OF THESE APPLY TO ME. IT STRIKES ME AS A VERY, VERY GOOD THING THAT I AM "THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY" TO THE FOLKS AT MADISON AVENUE. I AM THE MISSING DEMOGRAPHIC GROUP. NON-DRINKING, NON-SMOKING VEGAN WHO AVOIDS CORPORATE PRODUCTS WHENEVER POSSIBLE. I CAN SIT BACK & LAUGH AT THEIR BARKS OUT ORDERS OF "BUY, BUY BUY!!" & I CAN JUST SAY "SCREW YOU, MUTHAFUCKERS." BEAUTIFUL!

TELEVISION IS THE GREAT AMERICAN BRAIN-AWAY. IT'S ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT. IT IS MY COMPANION. IT'S BACKGROUND NOISE, & YES, IT IS ENTERTAINING! I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE GET SUCKED INTO THE BOBBY TUBE & THE PRODUCTS & IDEALS THEY SHOVE DOWN OUR THROATS, BUT HELL, I HAVE TO ADMIT IT, I LIKE TELEVISION. I LIKE IT A LOT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT CARTOONS! AND THE HEAVY SUGARY DOSES OF CLEAN, AMERICAN TRASH CULTURE! GOD BLESS ALL THE SHIT!



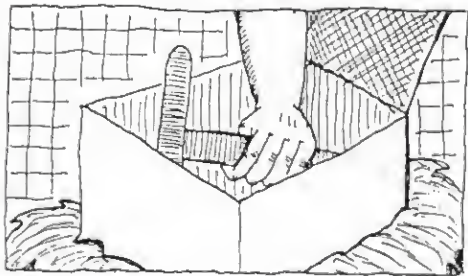
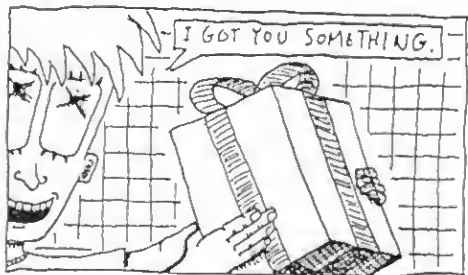
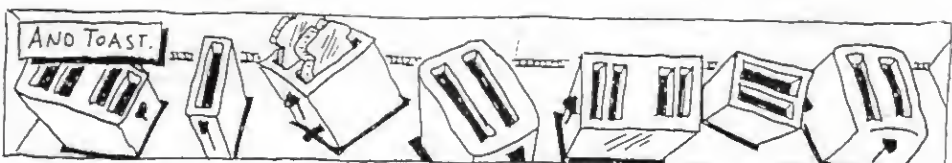
OFTEN TIMES WHEN I AM TALKING WITH PEOPLE I HAVE AN ACUTE AWARENESS OF SENSE THAT I AM DOING LITTLE MORE THAN ENTERTAINING, RATHER THAN COMMUNICATING. IT'S AMAZING, HOW MUCH I HIDE BEHIND HUMOR AS A DEFENSE AGAINST REJECTION. I USUALLY FEEL DISCONNECTED FROM THE PEOPLE I TALK TO BECAUSE I'M JUST ACTING THE PART OF

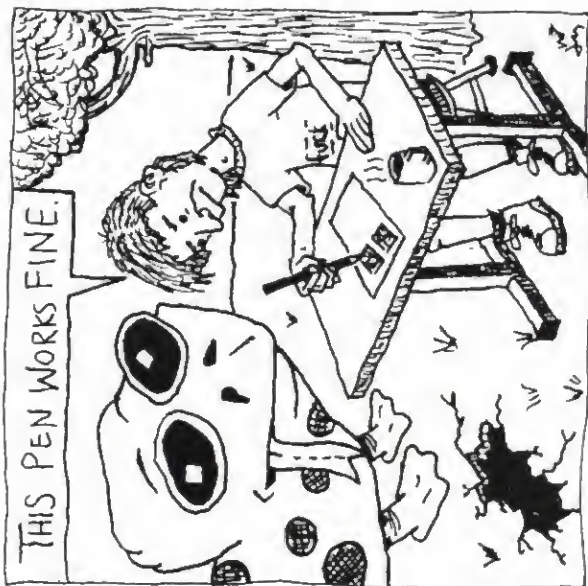
A FUNNY THING
HAPPENED TO
ME ON MY WAY
TO THE SHOW
THIS EVENING,
THIS LADY...



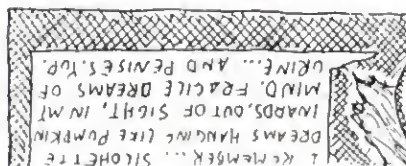
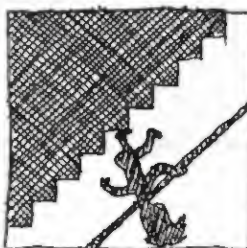
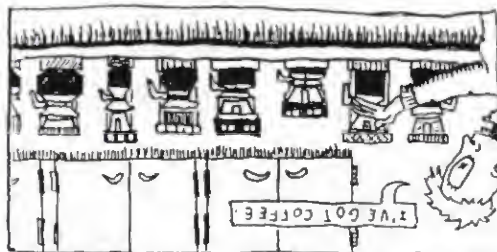
FUNNY GUY, GOING THROUGH THE WELL-REHEARSED SHOW. FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE AROUND ME. I LOVE MAKING PEOPLE LAUGH, BUT AT WHAT COST? ONCE IN A VERY GREAT WHILE I CAN LET THE IMAGE DOWN & TALK WITH PEOPLE ON A BASIS OF MUTUAL CARE & TRUST, CONNECTING ON SPECIAL LEVELS. THESE RARE OCCASIONS ARE WONDERFUL.

ALWAYS ON STAGE! 😊





"GOOD. GOOD. JUST KEEP DRAWING."



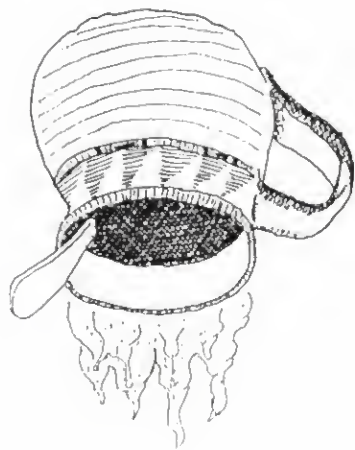


AND THIS IS SCARY. I SIT DOWN TO EAT IN THE COOL, DARK HALLWAY, EATING AND WAITING. MY BODY, MY HEAD, MY TOES, MY FEELING: I CAN'T EVEN THINK. STEVE LOOKS DOWN AT ME. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT HE MEANS, SO I BREAK THE GAZE BETWEEN US AND RETURN TO MY MEAL. I'M DEAD.

AGAIN I CRAVE SOME INSPIRATION. I HEAR IT COMES FROM WITHIN. I THINK MY INSPIRATION IS A DEAD BABY IN MY STOMACH. SOMETHING IN MY CHEST & IN THE TEARS IN MY EYES TELL ME I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE. AND I EAT. IT'S ALL LIKE A DREAM. THE TEARS, THE BAGS, THE AUDITORIUM. AND ALL OF THE CONVERSATIONS.



A DRY HEAVE WET DREAM.

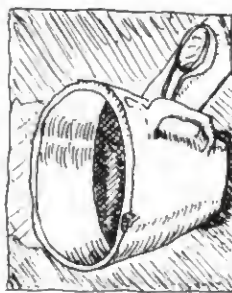


"KEEPING THE
STRUGGLE AGAINST
SANITARY ALIVE."



IN JIM CARROLLS THE BASEBALL DIARIES, HE DESCRIBES WITHDRAWALS FROM HEROIN AS SUCH "WHEN I WALK THE INSIDE OF MY HEAD BEGINS TO SHAKE LIKE IT'S ALL FALLEN APART AND THE WAY THE BLOOD JUST STOPS ITS FLOW WHICH TAKES YOU BACK TO THAT CLAMMY COLD DEATH." BUT I THINK HE'D REALLY REALLY HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING OFF OF A COFFEE ADDICTION. I KNOW I'VE GOT IT! COFFEE IS MY RELIGION, IT GIVES ME POWER & MAKES ME SMILE. BUT ONCE I QUIT, STAND BACK, MOTHERFUCKERS! I GET

CRANKY, HEADACHES, STOMACH PAINS, TIRED & DEPRESSED. YES, I AM A SERVANT TO THE ALMIGHTY Caffeine! BUT DOES IT COUNT AS SLAVERY IF I CHOOSE TO BE THE SLAVE? A COUPLE POTS OF VANILLA COFFEE WITH SOY MILK & TURBINADO SUGAR, SENDS ME TO THE FUCKING MOON! I USE IT & ABUSE IT, DRINK IT BY THE BOATFUL! WOULD I SWIM IN COFFEE? HELL YES I WOULD! COFFEE IS WONDERFUL & PIRIFUL. ANGEL & DEVIL. IT CAN MAKE ME FEEL INVINCIBLE OR IMPOTENT. I CAN'T SEEM TO QUIT FOR MORE THAN A WEEK, I'VE GOT COFFEE PARAPHANIA ALL OVER. COFFEE MAKER, 24 CARROT GOLD-PLATED COFFEE FILTER, POUNDS OF COFFEE, ELECTRIC GRINDER, HOLY SHIT, I LOVE COFFEE SO MUCH IT MAKES ME SICK. I'M GOING TO GO BREW UP A POT RIGHT NOW! BYE! SEE YOU IN THE CAFE!



they call me TOOTHLESS.

by
dug.

